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FROM DARKNESS

TO THE

DAWN.

One of the Possible Methods of Solving the Great
Question of the Hour.



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FROM DARKNESS

TO THE

DAWN.

PART I.

by James Smith Esq. au.
" James Smith Esq. au.

PART II.



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A PROPHECY.

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Comptonville

FROM DARKNESS TO THE DAWN.

PART I.

*Ye noble powers that stir men's souls
And bid the patriot bring
His hallowed gift to freedom's shrine,
Of thee, now let me sing.*

O country beloved, 'tis thy fate that concerns
The thoughts of my brethren and me.
Yes, slumbers the breeze that's to waft o'er this land
The hopes of the brave and the free.
When tyrants are crushing, why sleep'st the great soul—
The soul that is mighty to save?
Leap forth into life, noble spirit, and rouse
The hopes of the free and the brave.
And Freedom's Great Captain, why silent thou now?
Your ship's in the troublesome sea.
O pilot through danger, that Bark's precious load,
The hopes of the brave and the free.
Down, down with the despots, or strife must prevail,
And out of the turbulent wave
The trumpet will call and the cannon will peal
The hopes of the free and the brave.

Thou Genius, adored by fair Liberty's sons !
 Aloud she now calls unto thee—
 "Reëcho, as once did the spirit of Paine,*
 The hopes of the brave and the free !

"Once more, my dear Hero, respond to your queen
 Ere pollution shall claim her as slave;
 Let thine be the spirit pervading the homes—
 The hopes of the free and the brave !

"Once more, cherished Chieftain, be true to your God,
 And tyranny trampled shall be;
 Oh, thine be the spirit to quake this fair land—
 The hope of the brave and the free.

"Once more for your country!† Once more for your home!
 Oppression strike down to its grave !
 Then thine be the spirit to soothe this fair land—
 The hope of the free and the brave."

* "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

"Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. . . .

"The heart that feels not now is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back. . . .

"I love the man that can smile at trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow grave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death."—*From The Crisis, by Thomas Paine.*

† The people and the nation are meant, not the government.

'Tis thus I list thee, speaking muse,
 This balmy summer day,
 While pondering over slavery's curse
 And corporate master-sway.

And, like this mighty chasm here,
 A frightful gulf I see
 That hourly deepens, darkens, yawns,
 'Twixt wealth and slavery.

While seated on this mountain crag,
 The thought my being fills,
 And, gazing far beneath my feet,
 I view Sierra's rills.

There, down a thousand feet below,
 The crystal streamlets free,
 Go creeping, leaping, o'er their beds,
 And winding to the sea.

Ye streams, ye rocks, ye giant pines
 That sway high o'er my head,
 Speak naught but truth, and answer me !
 Hath hope and valor fled?

Ye frowning battlements and towers,
 Where winter's mad winds rave,
 Proud home of Liberty, give voice !
 Hath freedom found her grave?

Oft have I roved this lovely wild,
 My rifle true in hand,
 Pursued the fleeing antlered roe
 That roams this rugged land.

Adown the jagged mountain side
 He dashes in his glee,
 And whirls him grandly o'er the cliff.
 'Tis nature, wild and free.

And far below in deepest dell,
 He scorns my puny limb;
 The fragrant birch and hazel shade
 Afford retreat to him.

And thus eluded by my prey,
 I turn to homeward go,
 And think on beastly, tyrant man—
 The source of human woe.

Where shall a human being flee
 When ruthless men pursue?
 No friendly covert lifts its head
 In mount bespangled dew.

No land on earth affords to him
 A haven of retreat,
 When tyrant bloodhounds scent his path
 To track his bleeding feet.*

My country once her blood did shed
 That men should equals rank.
 Can now a vacant spot be found
 Remote from England's Bank?

*It is reported that, after the great railroad strike, men who had been engaged in the strike, and who afterward secured employment elsewhere than with the railroad company, were followed by the sleuth-hounds of oppression, and pressure brought to bear upon their employers to compel their discharge, and thus deprive them of the means of gaining an honest livelihood.

Great Trusts, great Combines, money Kings
 Force famine from the ground,
 And with relentless, fiendish grasp,
 They deal damnation round.

Rapacious villains heap men's toil,
 Heap what they cannot use,
 Except to further filching power
 And others' rights abuse.

They traffic in his daily bread
 And gamble in his grain,
 And push privation onto him,
 That greater grows their gain.

The mother breast, where all must nurse,
 They gravely claim to own,
 And price the products of the soil
 Before the seed is sown.

Nay, nature's law derides such claim—
 Her gift, the source of food—
 The source which she supplied to man
 When she his being wooed.

Oppression's Leagued, Incorporate Kings—
 Dictators to the Throne,
 Oh, tell me! can you "call with truth
 One span of earth your own"?

And think you now your aims to reach
 By military power?

Ah! know you not that use of that
 Portends the fatal hour?

Oppression's Leagued, Incorporate Kings,
 You shall your aims forego!
 We've listened to our own Voltaire,
 And George is our Rousseau.

You cannot teach in public schools
 The glory of the glaive,
 And then allot the selfsame child
 "The portion of the slave."

Too often have they taught us how,
 By Liberty's great will,
 Our brave good sires for this did draw
 "The sword of Bunker Hill."

How Gen'ral Warren, brave, addressed
 That gallant, gallant band;
 How fired their souls, till swelled their veins
 With patriotism grand.

'What's the mercy despots feel?'"
 Proud despots mighty grown!
 "Read it on yon bristling steel!"
 "Stand! The ground's your own!"

How glowed these patriotic fires
 Touched by the electric spark!
 And how eight bloody years they burned
 Lone lights, amid the dark!

The principles for which they bled
 Are drenched in base desire;
 The golden viper's venomous flood
 Has quenched the noble fire,

Has stilled the statesman's Webster voice,*
 To that of slavish mutes;
 And we must hark the lying tongues
 Of venal prostitutes.

The government in glory reared,
 The wealthy robber owns.
 Its Lords and Princes, man enthalls
 To batten on his bones.

See how they use the sweat of men,
 And loyalty evince! ·
 Their daughters they to Europe send
 To buy a gambler Prince—

A festering, parasitic hulk
 Shorn of its masts and sail,
 The loss of which in ruin's gulf
 What nation should bewail?

And from great palaces and towers
 See thralldom's banner wave!
 Supporting these see millions crawl
 From cradle to the grave!

Yes, basely crawl from morn to night,
 Nor hour of freedom know;
 See honest, toiling, feeling men
 Down, down to slavery go.

You, if you would from this escape,
 Must path of honor shirk,
 And beastly, sneaking, basely do
 Some tyrant's filthy work.

* "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Must pride of manhood, sinking, stoop
To kiss the golden rod?

Must rights inherent ever bow
Before a metal god?

That is the god by tyrants reared.
By hire, its sword they'll draw.
It is the grinding robber god;
It is the god of law.

It is the god that slavery breeds
By superstition's aid.

It dwarfs the soul; it sinks the man,
And thus is Freedom stayed.

Must Freedom's child, descending, bend,
And proud usurpers know?

Must son of Paine now cringe and crawl
In suppliance to his foe?

No; when he once resolves his heart
And lists to honor's voice,
'Twill in eternal silence sleep,
Or in the fight rejoice.

Yes; sons of labor yet will join
The warm, the hardy hand
From shore to shore, from lake to gulf,
And firm united stand.

But now, oppressed with anxious thought,
My temples almost burst;
Them let me bathe in stainless streams
And bowing, slake my thirst.

Still Freedom's ramparts greet me here,
 And hold my swimming eyes.
 Gigantic mounds of mountain sod
 In sterling grandeur rise.

Here nature garners all her fruits,
 And garlands all her flowers,
 Nor knows oppression's withering curse;
 No despot claims these bowers.

And planted on this mountain side
 My spot of birth and home.
 Since boyhood's hour my joy has been
 To wanton on thy dome.

When tired and worn to find some cot,
 A gen'rous miner's part,
 To share his welcome and his board,
 And know his noble heart.

Here shall repose the bones of friends
 By nature true and firm.
 And, oh, that priceless, jeweled breasts
 Should feed the groveling worm!

O Mem'ry's childhood, wake again!
 Be still, ye thoughts and fears!
 To that blest hour, oh, let me fly,
 Yes, backward through the years!

The patriot hallows thoughts of home
 In his devoted heart,
 And dreads to hear the wail of woe,
 From marts commercial, start.

And must we stay? can we not know
 And dream of youthful past?
 Are tyrant rods and clanking chains
 To be our lot at last?

Oh, cease thy motions, earthly sphere,
 One moment cease to roll!

Let revolution's power reverse,
 Then, then obey thy pole!

Fly back in thy elliptic path!
 And change, positioned Sun!

O Mighty Mother, keep it thus;
 Let time reversing run!

The sun is sinking in the East,
 Yet lights the soil I boast,
 And sights me here this stately range
 That guards our empire's coast.

There Shasta, towering, lifts his head
 Sublime in beauty dressed;
 In speaking silence, sternly stands
 The sent'nel of the West.

With snow of ages, proud, erect,
 Thy venerable dome,
 Me think'st thou art as thou didst rise
 From out thine ocean home.

Me think'st I see thee dripping rise,
 And shake thine awful head,
 A mighty monarch, bathed in strength,
 Arising from his bed.

Arise, lone guardsman—rise! Arise,
 Ye crags enshrouded, pure,
 Above the billows to the sky,
 In majesty secure.

Arise, to guard my native land.
 Oh, shield my parent spot,
 Where birthed the souls, the gentle souls,
 That ne'er will be forgot!

Arise! Arouse the sinking heart;
 Nerve thou the palsied arm;
 Protect the feeble and the weak
 From dire oppression's harm.

Arise! Inspire sweet freedom's thoughts.
 Oh, guard that mental shore!
 Let Liberty's primed cannons burst
 Around thee, Titian core!

And quake thee, mountain, to thy base,
 Ah! heavy, long and loud,
 Thy bellowings rending main and skies,
 While lurid gleams enshroud.

Anon thy trembling bosom bursts,
 Yea, vomits Freedom's fire.
 In fierce, terrific splendor glares
 Oppression's funeral pyre.

Speak'st thou again? Ah, thunderous voice
 Aspersing deep'ning gloom!
 I hear pollution's fate pronounced,
 As heard was Babylon's doom.

Convulsed again ! Again? Again?

Proud Liberty's great rock,
Quake! oh, quake! eternal quake,
Till nations feel the shock !

Speak on, speak on! Tremendous bursts!

To thee will tyrants hark.
O man, speak thus! and you will find
The pathway from the dark.

Let social nature roused close
The frightful chasm's yawn.
Think, think on this, and paths you'll find,
From Darkness to the Dawn.

PART II.

A PROPHECY.

The white slave hears the wail and moan
And sees oppression rise.
Its horrid, hated, hideous form
Is towering to the skies.

He sees its vulture eyeballs glare
And smells its putrid breath.
He views it spreading everywhere
Contagion and death.

Its meat is honest human hearts;
Its drink is human blood;
Its arrogant and venomous brain
Is nature's reptile mud.

We hear that tyrant's siren song,*

“Peace and obey the law!”

To fettered Liberty he cries,

“Slink back and crouch in awe!

“That law was made by me and mine,

To aid God's princely few!

Stand back! Stand back! Keep down! Keep down!

It is to govern you!”

And furthermore, it says to us,

“Let not a freeman dare

To raise his voice against that Law

Or offer up a prayer.”

The noblest laws that can exist

No human hand shall write;

They're Liberty's eternal laws:

Truth, Justice, Honor, Right.

Does Truth prevail in men's affairs?

Nay; falsehood wears the crown,

And lurks beneath the tyrant's smile,

And priesthood's sable gown.

Does Justice, on Celestial Throne,

The aspen balance hold?

Just weigh against a despot's purse,—

The tale's already told.

*“We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts.”

Does honor, better man of men,
 The robes of glory wear?
 Gigantic thieves in gild of gold
 Are worshiped everywhere.

Where, oh, where's the great good law
 Of equal rights to all?
 Where's he that dares that law proclaim
 In Legislative Hall?

What cares Corruption how we vote?
 It rests on power of gold,
 And gathers strength from weakness' breast.
 'Tis thus our rights are sold.

Has earth no grand, no gallant souls,
 In Justice' cause to work?
 Oh, would a single seat might hold
 A Chatham* or a Burke!

In halls once thronged with noble men,
 Shall polished villains dwell,
 Till on our hallowed ground shall stand
 The citadel of hell?

The crimes of hunger, woe, despair,
 Now rest upon its head;
 And well we know its tainted hand
 With guiltless blood is red.

"I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainies, and whoever may partake of his plunder."

Columbia's Goddess, sink not thou
 In this polluted flood!
 Was it for this our grandsires shed
 Their best and bravest blood?

Ah, little dreamed they such a fate
 Should their fair sons befall!
 Arise! Let this not be the spot
 Where men shall man enthral.

In temples reared by virtue's hand
 Shall rampant fraud prevail,
 Till toiling honesty will loss
 Of rights and homes bewail?

Fond, loving mothers, look and think
 On human blossoms dear!
 Where are your hopes, those cherished hopes
 You've nurtured many a year?

Imperial highways will they rove
 And fame and fortune smile?
 Or will they, blighted, blasted sink
 Beneath tyrannic wile?

Pollution's pathway will they tread,
 And servile fetters bear?
 Know you that bondage now awaits
 The innocent and fair.

Go! press your infants to your breast,
 Thus, while the teardrop laves.
 Good fathers, can you calmly gaze
 And see her suckle slaves?

Ay, slaves of bondsmen, bondsmen, slaves
 To Mammon's sordid reign!
 Are these the sons, the free-born sons
 Of Jefferson and Paine?

Immortal names! immortal minds!
 Whose knell no age will toll.
 Brave child of these, have you not felt
 Their declaration's soul?

Then turn you to it once again,
 Its page you well may read.
 It is our country's only hope
 In this her hour of need.

Departed spirits of our dead,
 Who freedom's battle won,
 Awake! Arise! To earth again,
 O Franklin, Washington!

Ay, once more marshal Freedom's friends
 From all the world abroad!
 O Barons, Steuben and De Kalb,
 Come forth from German sod!

And murdered Poland, live again.
 Your Kosciusko let.*
 Old England, 'queath to us a Paine,
 And France, give Lafayette !

Heart of Pulaski, leap again,
 A patriot's arm to wield!
 Its blood was poured in honor's cause
 On Freedom's gloried field.†

AMERICAN LIBERTY TO MARS.

Hark:

Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Paine !
 Who call'st my legions shall call in vain,
 Lest it a humble worshiper be.
 And listen again! Methinks 'tis he.
 Ah! he it is. He calls from earth.
 Descend thou now to the place of my birth.
 Take these, my heroes; be thou their chief.
 In my hour of despair they brought relief,
 And, when led by your gallantry, valor and love,
 They placed me here in the heavens above,
 But the "REGAL HALL," they reserved below,
 Where I, as Queen of their Kingdom, might sow
 The germs of Equality, Freedom, and Truth,
 And guard and nourish them in their youth.
 You wooed me then, in that midnight of dread.
 My love I gave, and we were wed.

*"And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!"

† The gallant Polander, Pulaski, was killed in the American revolution, at the battle of Savannah.

Rememb'rest thou, when this occurred,
The song you sang and the vow I heard
When seated there at the nuptial board?
Give it now, again upon your sword.

MARS.

In youth you are building your ship
 To be launched on the ocean of life.
May its yards to the water ne'er dip;
 For with storms that rude ocean is rife.

For a captain you now do elect
 A soul that is valiant and true,
And one who commands the respect
 And love of the owner and crew.

Dark billows, rush on by her side!
 Her decks and her canvas ne'er lave.
May the gales that convulse, gently glide
 Your bark o'er each troublesome wave.

Sail on in your beauty, my bride;
 This moment, oh, ne'er may you rue!
Sail on in the strength of your pride,
 The joy of your Captain and crew!

From this hour will I ever defend
 Thine honor, thy virtue, thy worth,
Though tyrants with torrents of blood
 Should deluge the face of the earth.

And now thou hast plighted thy troth,
 My loved one forever thou'lt be.
 Through eternities, crimson with wrath,
 Will I battle in struggles for thee.

The soldier hears the fife and drum,
 The tar, the cannon's roar;
 The voice of mighty Mars resounds;
 His spirit hovers o'er.

The freeman hears the avenging God
 Unto the people call
 And soundeth out the warning note
 Ere Freedom's cause shall fall.

List! Hear ye the clarion of Liberty sounding!
 The blast's borne afar on the wings of the wind;
 The breeze hurries on, but the spirit resounding,
 Which speaks to her minions is still left behind.

The wild notes of Freedom, the feathered throat seizes
 As, poised far aloft on the sentinel pine,
 It drinks the pure strains from the soul-stirring breezes,
 And exultingly pours forth the music divine.

'Tis voiced from her forests, her rocks and her mountains,
 Her note-gushing streams and her evergreen wild,
 A-bursting those deep, inexhaustible fountains
 Restrained in the soul of Columbia's child.

It rings through her caverns, her chasms, her valleys;
 Aloud it reëchoes o'er moorlands and meads.
 'Twill be sung on the plain when her legions she rallies.
 Yea, millions will answer when Liberty leads.

Hard tyrants unmoved ! Do ye still dare the torrent ?
 That torrent will rage from the shore to the shore.
 'Twill crush to the dust the dread hydra abhorrent,
 Though millions of freemen should reek in its gore.

Bind the flash of the lightning; yea, still the loud thunder;
 Bid the winds cease to blow and the clouds cease to roll;
 Calm the natural powers rending heavens asunder;
 You will not still the thrill of wronged Liberty's soul.

O Patriot! go wrest your imperial banner.
 Let it stream in the gale, in the hurricane's breath;
 Let it wave o'er the tumult in glorious manner,
 Or cling to it sternly, serenely, in death.

The Patriot hears the bugle call
 Arouse the slumb'ring land,
 And girdeth on his armor bright,
 In Freedom's ranks to stand.

The youth who hopes to own a home,
 And loved one claim as wife,
 Will risk his all, his very all.
 His all?—Ay, more!—his life.

'The heart that beats for wife and child,
 The dearest ties of earth,
 Will fight for hearth or hero's grave.
 Ah! this is manly worth.

Opposed to these, a hireling herd
 Garnered from every clime,
 Whose only aim, ambition, thought
 Is to exist their time.

And those who die for tyrant's gold
 Are tyrant's servile fools.
 In their decaying corse behold
 Oppression's broken tools.

When manhood, conscience, heart, rebel
 Against despotic might,
 It calls on these, and such as these,
 To prove that it is right.

The lovers, husbands, all unite
 To do a noble deed;
 And on sweet Freedom's honored field,
 For hope and home will bleed.

Not far above Potomac's banks,
 My vision wings its flight
 To where the Zenithed Guiding Star
 Peers through the clouds of night.

From North, from South, from East, from West,
 Pour arméd Patriots brave,
 To fight for rights, those equal rights,
 Their grandsires died to save.

In lines they form an onward march,
 No shout, no trump, but song.
 Firm courage moves their manly limbs.
 So build their columns long.

Thus hosts of Liberty have formed
 In phalanx wide and deep.
 "Intrepid virtue," valor's strength,
 Doth here her vigils keep.

And all is still on death's stern field.
 From heaven's ethereal dome,
 There come the strains their being fill,
 The cry from love and home:—

"Image the fair and loving form,
 The clinging clasp, long kisses warm,
 First bursting drops of the surging storm,
 And all that choked—farewell.

"War,—by the saddest, sweetest sigh!
 War,—by the languaged speaking eye!
 War,—by the prattling cradle tie!
 War,—to have a home!"

Determination, breathless, still
 Pervades the silent ranks.
 All eyes by sudden impulse turn
 On distant mountain flanks.

Far on the dim horizon's verge,
 In air, a speck appears.
 All earnest gaze. It grows! It moves!
 Can this be cause for fears?

Yet, yet it grows! I know not why
 It holds them to their spell;
 But still all gaze, intently gaze.
 What fate can it foretell?

Behold! it comes! Columbia's bird
 On eagle pinions free,
 Comes surely sweeping o'er the plain;
 Its course, that human sea.

It comes! It comes! It hovers o'er,
 Exults on joyous wing;
 Surveys the field, as wild its screams,
 Victorious tidings bring.

It wheels around in circles deep,
 And answered are its cries
 While mighty cheers to heaven ascend,
 As mankind's hopes arise.

As calm volcano's soaring flames,
 So hope and valor lull.
 Appalling silence reigns again;
 The plumaged throat is null.

The sun sinks sudden in the East;
 His darts obey his call,
 Receding fast, they follow him;
 Dense darkness sullies all.

But now, the "Zenithed Guiding Star,"
 Mild in its richness glows,
 And mingles with the four lesser lights,
 To beam o'er friends and foes.

And all the five, like freemen's eyes
 That fall upon a slave,
 High in the ebon vault now shine
 To light oppression's grave.

Dim through the mist, a fleecy cloud,
 Borne on by Freedom's breeze,
 Comes rolling in, till poised aloft
 . The host assembled sees.

The lightnings dart; the thunders roll.
 Five meteors flash the sky;
 The cloud accepts the glittering group—
 Embassadors from on high.

There, on the slanting downy verge,
 Each eye beholds the light
 Of Liberty's electric beams
 Poured from her forehead bright.

The diadem upon her Wreath,
 Sheds luster far and wide;
 Two of her sons are just below
 And one is at each side.

The first, erect upon the right,
 Opes Freedom's book intense,
 "The Age of Reason," "Rights of Man,"
 "The Crisis," "Common Sense." *

*The reverse of the order in which they were written.

And, from the gem upon his head,
 Refulgent rays there pour'th
 As from the laureled brow of Paine
 The flames of "Truth" gleam forth.

The Star of "Justice," on her left,
 Adorns her second son.
 "The Immortal Scroll" speaks from the hand,
 The hand of Jefferson.

A wreath of glory at her knee
 Glows bright with "Honor's" sun;
 This on a head, and in the hand,
 The sword of Washington.

A star shines near her other knee.
 The great, 'mong mighty men,
 Support the jeweled crown of "Right."
 The hand holds Franklin's pen.

From there, the gods behold their pride,
 The maid, in all her charms,
 Stands forth invincibly arrayed;
 Columbia Fair, in arms.

See yonder her traducers stand
 The banner, stolen, flies.
 See robber hands flaunt it at her
 Who gave it to the skies.

Hark! Liberty her scepter sways
 O'er waves of bristling steel;
 Her voice vibrating from the cloud,
 As thus she does appeal:—

“United Freeman, ever true;
 No love of conquest heralds you;
 To Toil's brave son is vengeance due;
 You strike but to defend.

“Defend the ‘Equal Rights’ of life;
 Defend them 'gainst oppression's knife;
 Defend them in the battle strife.
 Strike, these to defend!

“Defend the ‘Old Flag’s’ honored name;
 Defend her heroes’ gloried fame;
 Defend them from a death of shame.
 Strike, these to defend!

“Strike, by the Declaration’s page!
 Strike, by the mem’ries of that age!
 Let every breast in valor rage!
 Strike, by mighty Truth!

“Fight, for the liberty of land;
 Fight, for precept great and grand;
 For rights of manhood dare to stand,
 Upon the field of death.

“ ‘Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall on every foe.’
 My spirit dwells in every blow.
 Forward! Do or die! ”

Intenser glows the silv’ry lights;
 The onset bursts on air;
 High swells the heart, swift leaps the blood
 Of Freedom in her lair.

And louder than the heavenly bolts
 The iron voice of Thor
 Shakes hill and dale, while fiercely rolls
 The maddened tide of war.

Yet, yet it deepens! On ye brave,
 Who rush on glory's heath!
 Blaze, Freedom, blaze, thy rifles blaze,
 Till sinks the foe beneath!

And sternly savage, flashing far,
 Red battle holds the fate.
 The Nations, breathless, pulseless hark
 And Monarchs quiv'ring wait.

Ay, mark you now! Destruction quails.
 See, Virtue sweeps the field.
 Oppression's Leagued Incorp'rate Kings,
 Foul Law's not here your shield!

Yes, purchased, mercenary hordes
 That ever fight in vain,
 Die dogs, disgraced, dishonored dogs,
 On fields they never gain.

And degradation's bartered brutes
 Who warred but to enslave,
 Who know no country, hope or home,
 Have cowered before the brave.

The mother's gladdened bosom thrills;
 Earth's trembling pean rings;
 Old Ocean, roaring, lash's his bed,
 Till shattered's thrones of kings.

The mountains toss to kiss the sky;
 Dart meteors fierce with glee;
 The bolts of Jove the chorus join.
 A world! a world is free!

Bright "Honor," "Justice," "Truth" and "Right"
 All share the victor song;
 They mount the skies and through the spheres,
 The triumph shout prolong.

The warrior hears the harps of home;
 The tar, the ocean's roar;
 The lover hears the lute of love.
 'Twill sing forever more.

And Liberty ascends the throne
 Fixed in the "REGAL HALL."
 Again doth Truth and Right prevail
 And Justice' voice recall.

Then cease thy motions, earthly sphere,
 One moment cease to roll!
 Let revolution's power reverse,
 Then, then obey thy pole.

Fly back in thy elliptic path!
 And change, positioned Sun,
 Oh, mighty Mother, keep it thus,
 Let time progressing run!

The plea of Justice rises high
 And rises not in vain;
 It nobly swells on every air
 To summon Reason's reign:—

THE SUMMONS.

Then, Reason, come. Thy glorious reign proclaim
 And friends of fear in quiv'ring millions tame.
 Come, sacred God! Oh, come, appoint the ways
 'To lead men through this "Mystic mirror-maze"!'
 Thou'st quenched the fires of an eternal hell
 And dread of millions did'st thou soothing quell.
 Of millions more must thou assume command
 That they thy laws shall clearly understand—
 The laws which shall to dust Oppression hurl.
 In dust it fain would bury thee, thou Pearl.
 The Saviour thou, the only Christ of man
 (Long æons born ere he his race began),
 Thy doom pronounced to suffer nail and cross,
 Through "Ages Dark" a world bemoaned thy loss.
 Yes! Freedom had her birth when thou wert born,
 And joyous hailed thy second coming morn,
 The morn of glory when thy radiant ray
 Pierced the deep "shades of dim futurity."
 Triumphant Luster! At this very hour
 The vicious tyrant trembles at thy power,
 Dreads of thine eye, the glowing lum'nous blaze,
 Lest on his naked form should suff'ring millions gaze.

Move on, a god, resistless in thy course,
 A match for more than all Satanic force.
 Thou, like Achilles of immortal birth,
 Yok'st to thy car the grandest steeds of earth;—
 The mighty giant steeds of lofty mind,
 Thy chariots draw in battle for mankind.

Press on the charge that clears the way for man;
 And godlike Herbert Spencer, lead the van.
 But lest on human hearts the tyrants gorge,
 Advance the lines of Bellamy* and George.†
 From heights of wisdom call'st thou every god;
 I see them start convulsive, at thy nod.
 Thy diadem refulgent, glitters far;
 To cohorts vast it shines a Bethlehem star.
 Thy rising sun dispels the clouds which lower;
 Resplendent light transcends the darksome hour;
 In gorgeous light thy vict'ries all are won.
 Victorious be, o'er Vict'ry's righteous son.
 Then shall thy herald trumpets long proclaim
 Sweet peace and Freedom‡ in thy sacred name.

*The nationalization of everything, or industrial union.

† "We must make land common property."

‡ "And all that Freedom's lightest aim can reach,
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each."







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